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Grover's evidence. "I have casts of 20 identifiably different individuals, sampling a relatively

small area. Plus, we have some fossils from China that may be a Sasquatch [a jaw, some teeth]."

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MAGAZINEL FAROUT
DATE: FALL 1993
ARTICLE: BIGFOOT-GATE, PART III:
OUR ON-GOING PULITZER PRIZE-NOMINATED INVESTIGATION

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"This is not a link between man and the animal world; this is an animal."
Equal rights.I don't see it. Human, semihuman-it doesn't have human rights, it has animal rights. I'm more concerned with the species-are they in good shape?"
*The China card. "There are reports of big, hairy bipeds in China. The problem in North America-aside from faking-there's only one animal you could confuse this with: a bear standing on its hind legs. In China, there's many animals you could confuse Sasquatch with: a very large monkey; several different kinds of bears; mainland orangutans.
*Born to be wild. Is this a rogue male, a ramblin' man the Nez Perce saw? "It's a single male group; young adult males are the ones wandering around. They're nocturnal and move individually."

"There's a lot of smoke but
very little fire.
-Jim Garrison
BIGFOOT IN THE CROSSFIRE?
Nez Perce
National
Historical Park
Spalding Site
A December '92 Los Angeles Times exposé entitled "Nature at Risk in a Quiet War" disclosed that private landowners and developers across the U.S. are waging an underground war against endangered species, killing rare creatures or destroying their native surroundings to avoid costly government restrictions, intended for animal protection. One Florida developer ordered a hunt for a bird in imminent danger of extinction after calculating the considerable cost of complying with the Endangered Species Act. An employee related an incldent where the landowner held a gunned-down bird and proclaimed, "Gentlemen, this is the enemy.
In Montana and Wyoming, protected grizzlies vanish; nothing but their electronic collars (attached by government scientists to trace their movements) is found. Fearing bureaucratic rules, landowners in Florida, Montana and Wyoming knock down bald eagle, nests, felling or bulldozing trees that harbor our national symbol under cover of night.
For untold numbers of landholders, the solution is a "scorched earth" policy-the stealthy purging of their property of endangered plants and animals, or destruction of their habi tats. Ranchers "shoot, shovel and shut up, laments one of only 175 field wildlife agents deployed

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FAR
THE MAJESTIC KING OF THE PLANETS,
JUPITER, ARCHES ACROSS THE DARK SKY
OF ITS MOON Io. Io IS THE MOST
VOLCANICALLY ACTIVE WORLD KNOWN IN
OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. ITS GEYSERS

RESURFACE THE ENTIRE SPHERE IN LESS
THAN A THOUSAND YEARS. IN THE SKY
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ONE STEP BEYOND
UP NEXT
UT

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for the entire country!
"It's a harder crime to investi-
gate than the killing of a human,
says U.S. Fish and Wildlife special
agent Ralph MacDonald, who
investigates spotted-owl-related
crimes. "Unlike with a human
[case], you can't go to
the owl's wife and
find out who he was
drinking with and who
was mad at the owl."
Could this be Big-
foot's fate? Are major
lumber corporations-
the Inland Northwest's
major power bro-
kers conspiring to
vanquish the species,
suppressing knowl-
edge of Bigfoot's exis-
tence to stave off pro-
tected-species statutes

which might halt disastrous clear-cutting? Grover Krantz chimes in: "I think the lumber industry is especially interested in not getting one of these found."

of Bigfoot Museum curator Cliff Crook advocates the implementation Sasquatch protection statutes while broaching the ethics of shooting a specimen. Says Crook, "I don't think anybody should kill something to prove it's alive. There's lots of people out there with a six-pack in one hand, six-shooter in the other, thinking they're gonna get instant fame and fortune.

Krantz discredits this approach. "The best way to prevent Sasquatch from being proven would be to loudly proclaim Sasquatch is real, but make a complete foot of themselves. Make absurd claims so the public thinks What a jerk. Then scientists won't touch it; they'll think

it's all crap.

"Then [this person] says, 'Absolutely never shoot one.' That might influence other investigators, lower the odds [of one being] shot and lower public estimation of it. Anyone doing that kind of thing could be on the payroll; there are people doing exactly that!"

Still, how do we protect an animal that may not exist, one that might become extinct while we ignore it? "If the governor of

Washington suddenly declared a Sasquatch preserve in the Cascades,Grover Krantz points out, "he wouldn't be voted out in the next election. He'd be taken to the nuthouse immediately. There is no way a politician will stick out his neck to save Sasquatch. However, if a Bigfoot is taken alive, do we really want to relegate this rarest of life-forms to reprehensible zoo incarceration, to be gawked at by The Far Side children? To see Sasquatch end up with those sun-blasted Euro-freaks, Siegfried and Roy in their Vegas act, or with cane-wielding meanie Bobby Beresini?

Grover Krantz, the sole active Sasquatch investigator wielding full academic qualifications, establishes a scientific beachhead via Big Footprints (Johnson Books; Boulder, Colorado). This 300-page book's subhead says it all: A Scientific Inquiry Into the Reality of Sasquatch.

But how does one investigate a creature who's more shadow than substance? By an exhaustive examination of the most tangible evidence currently available-footprints and the Patterson film-not to mention earmarking $100,000 of Krantz's own greenbacks toward this 20-year search.

And don't think for a minute that all this Sasquatch-wrought attention equals an ego

stroke for Grover Krantz. Sticking his neck out has cost him professionally: "Because of the attitude of other anthropologists and authorities, his promotions and pay increases have mostly been withheld.
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Nez Perce
National
Historical Park
Spalding Site
JEFAROUT
A SPATE OF SIGHTINGS ON THE IDAHO-WASHINGTON BORDER... THE CHAIN-SMOKING, VENERABLE EXPERT WHO POSTULATES THE EXISTENCE OF 2.000 SASQUATCHES...A PLAUSIBLE CONSPIRACY THEORY...AND A LOT OF STOLICHNAYA ADD UP TO...
ON THE TRAIL OF A BIGFOOT COVER-UP
ur fact-finding mission began in late January with Tate a lengthy stopover at Stapleton Airport and an amusing run-in with one-time presidential hopeful Gary Hart. Myself and accomplice Doug- hired gun and Bigfoot skeptic facing two hours to kill before a connecting flight to Spokane, decided to map out our trip over vodka and peanuts at Denver's Blue Moose Tavern.
En route to the ground transportation area and a waiting shuttle bus Colorado's former

senator entered the
vacated baggage area
just as we emerged
outside. Moving with
elan and haste Hart
stepped into United's
baggage claim office
where three bored,
young and fresh-
scrubbed
faces
immediately snapped
to
strident attention
as if Royalty was
paying them an
unexpected visit.
Seconds later a
young
woman
handed over a little
black book. No lie.
Then, the Dem who
singlehandedly sunk his
own political career via
high seas adultery spun
quickly on dress heels
and made tracks for a
black Jeep Cherokee.
Pondering the queer
irony of this chance
encounter the pol who
etched the moniker of
his own love boat, Mon-
key Business onto the
national psyche crossing
our path as our business
concerned North Amer-
ica's great bipedal pri-
mate-set the tone for
one weird high country
expedition.
NEZ PEACE INDIAN RESERVATION
LAPWAI, IDAHO
In Washington State's
side pocket, just south of
the Idaho panhandle
where the Rocky Moun-
tains appear to merge
with the very sky a small
Indian reservation abuts
a humble National Park

[PAGE BREAK]

designated in honor of
the Native people.
A series of hit-'n-run
skirmishes with the Cav-
alry and a highly suc-
cessful tactical campaign
during the 1870s meant
laurels and intense ado-
ration for Nez Perce's
well-educated Chief
Joseph. Not to mention
nearly half a dozen sites
in the area named for
him. His own mission.
His canyon. His grave
SUMMER/93
site.
Joseph's people were
way ahead of their time,
almost New Age. Noses
were pierced for rings;
soft bags of rabbit were
the de rigueur accessory.
Their diet showed heavy
preference to fish and
vegetables. A-frames,
the preferred abode.
My own preconceived
notion of Idaho mani-
fested terrible contrast-
ing images: serious
wilderness and Angry,
Gun-Totin' White People.
Crystal-clear lakes, elk
and Red-tail hawks.
Encampments of skin-
headed Rebels Without a
Clue
Meandering
streams, big
pines.
Aryan Nations head-
quarters.
Even my dear Aunt V.
advised packing nothing
short of a 45 auto when
traversing this territory.
Her former vocation as a

school bus driver in The
Bronx
bestowed
impressive firearms eti-
quette.
I trusted her instincts.
But the closest I got
to phalanxes of jack-
booted Richard Butler
disciples was at the
Lewiston Ramada's semi
glitzy honky tonk disco,
BY MICHAEL DIGREGORIO
(FIRST OF TWO PARTS)
FAROUT 53

[PAGE BREAK]

a place reminiscent of
too many rock 'n roll
beer commercial night
spots. Where whole divi-
sions of barn-door sized
Travis Tritt-wanna bes
mobilized in close for-
mation to jointly execute
a large-scale breakout of
the Achy Breaky and
Texas 2-Step.
This was Hee Haw on
crystal meth, a veritable
Hooterville in Hell and I
stood out like Vinny Ter-
ranova in a corn-field of
unshaven mutant hay-
seeds in tight jeans, cut-
off sweatshirts and alli-
gator-skin shitkickers.
Hey boy, you from Los
Angeles? And you're an
I-talian! Next to this
going toe-to-toe with a
7-foot, 500-pound.
Sasquatch out in the
wild would be a cake-
walk.
Before anyone ascer-
tained that I was a Yan-
kee of Southern Euro-
pean descent, who
hailed from that Sodom
and Gomorrah on the

Left Coast and voted for Jerry Brown, I chugged liters of vodka, retreated to the safety of a second floor room and I cradled my Glock until morning. another went off a number of Park Service employees caught Bigfoot on a ridge line south of the visitor's center above a sloping, plowed field. However, once I reached Idaho the curator did a reverse on me, deciding that too much was being made of this Sasquatch thing. My first setback on the arduous Bigfoot trail.

Figuring she was either genuinely embarrassed by the attention her sighting garnered; or conjuring a higher up in a Smokey-the-bear hat and khakis taking her to the curb and warning about getting egg on the collective face of the almighty Park Service with Bigfoot tales, I, like. the Spinners bowed out gracefully.

Besides, just up the But I decided to let fate and the landscape dictate where this thing would go.

As we rolled into Lapwai I stopped to talk to a man, switch of wood in hand, who was walking his dog. I found out what the stick was for when his 100-pound. companion attempted to carjack our rental car by hurtling through my window!

"Let me put the dog away," and a split sec-

ond later Ed, hunter/
tracker cum BIA (Bureau
of Indian Affairs) cop
was in the backseat,
brushing dirt off his flan-
nel shirt, pointing out
who lived where in this
small, very inward look-
ing town and where the
Bigfoot sightings had
transpired.
Taking us via a
LAST AUGUST...A NUMBER OF PARK SERVICE
EMPLOYEES CAUGHT BIGFOOT ON A RIDGELINE
SOUTH OF THE VISITOR'S CENTER.
road a spell in Lapwai a
good smattering of will-
ing (to-go-on-the-record)
witnesses
awaited: tribal
historians and
Native police
or
graded country road into
the shorn foothills above
Lapwai-one market,
one combina-
tion large
grain elevator-
rail
depot,
small post
office and two
corner bars-
Ed, who is an
avowed non-
believer, drew
the
a
From Lewiston,
Idaho, its a picturesque
15-mile drive along the
alternatively wide and
narrow Clearwater River
valley to the front door
of the Nez Perce Res
and Park Service visitor's
center.
Now just prior to
embarking on this trip I
touched base with the
Park curator--who shall

remain nameless- by
phone. Last August, dur-
ing the afternoon, as one
shift came on and
4 FAROUT
officers who
glimpsed.
heard
smelled
Omah during
the period
when
curator made
her sighting.
canvasS
with arms and
fingers where
the sightings took place.
From our elevated
vantage point we could
see clear across Idaho
into Montana to the
Continental Divide and
the backside of the ultra
remote Bitterroot wilder-
ness. Beyond that, dom-
inating the distant
horizon like inverted ice
bergs mired in station-
ary, perpetual snow
squalls, the majestic
Rocky Mountains.
In August of last year,
Tess Green, a person-
able young woman, her
mother, an adult cousin
and four children drove
their pickup to the now-
fallow hilly fields above
Lapwai for a late-after-
noon picnic where Ed,
myself and sidekick
Dougie now stood.
A week prior to that
same afternoon, eight
people-nearly all Indi-
ans from Lapwai and
nearby Spalding had
glimpsed a 6-7 foot
upright figure displaying
a human-esqe gait.
His deep piercing

wails could be heard at
Tesses' home when
their front door was left
open to catch a cross
breeze late on a hot
summer's night.
But what made their
sighting special was the
fact this mythical crea-
ture of the forest was
out in a draw consisting
of little ground cover.
thornbush and a plowed
up wheat field. Vulnera-
ble. In the open.
Next: An interview
with witness Tess Green
and her mother, plus in-
depth analysis from
anthropologist and
Sasquatch point man
Grover S. Krantz and a
review of his new book,
Big Footprints
SUMMER/93

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DISBELIEF OVERWHELMED ME, AND I BRUSHED
MY FINGERS BEFORE MY EYES, TRYING TO REGAIN
MY HOLD ON REALITY.
IT WAS STILL THERE. DARK, CLEARLY VISIBLE YET
ILLUSIVE, THE SPECTER SEEMED TO GLIDE RAPIDLY
JOF ANOTHER WORLD

[PAGE BREAK]

across the roadway. Immediately
the intense forest
shadows
enveloped the creature in a blan-
ket of opaque secrecy. Thoughts,
memories and images from the
past rushed at me. What had
begun 23 years ago had reached
a visual climax. I had seen the
apparition.
My quest for truth first began
in the Spring of 1964. While on
an outing in the rain forest of
Olympic National Park, I found
myself assailed by the over-

whelming odors of soured meat, garbage and offal. This putrid stench was emanating from a cave entrance a mere half-dozen feet above my head.

Instinctively, I had assumed

swhichne

Yukon

Trab

Sighting

from the rain forest where I had encountered the unusual stench. For the first time, I wondered if the smells, so extremely disagreeable, had really been from a bear. Perhaps not.

My next encounter with a similar mysterious creature took place on a Saturday in July of 1977. I was hiking up the rugged slopes of Steen Mountain, in the Salmon National Forest, Idaho. The trail led out onto a very steep meadow. Below, apparently from within an island of firs, a powerful roaring sound welled up the slope, assailing my ears. My mind conjured up the image of Gargantua, the famous circus gorilla of the 1940s.

British

Columbia

Alberta

that there was a bear above me. I hurried on. Inexperience had prevented me from realizing that no bear, however offensive, smelled quite that bad. I immediately put the experience out of my mind.

Months later, after we had moved away, my attention was directed toward a newspaper clipping reporting that a glant apelike creature had been seen on the outskirts of Hoquim, Washington. This was not far

Never before or since have I experienced such a powerful, chesty roar. There is no animal I am aware of

that can duplicate what I heard, not even a male Grizzly.

Two days later, I told my boss about the incident. He informed me that two United States Forest Service employees had had a frightening encounter the previous April that might be related to my experience. I was able to interview one worker.

One morning around 2:30 a.m., the two men were driving home from a visit to the town of Salmon, Idaho. Fearing that the driver would fall asleep, they steered their pickup off the side of the road at Wagonhammer Springs to get a cold drink of water.

As Troy (the man I interviewed) stepped out of the truck, his companion, who was already walking toward the spring, suddenly screamed in terror. Troy ran up to the front of the truck and saw nothing. However, he did hear the crashing of underbrush as some huge animal made its way back into the forest.

His young companion was in shock. When Troy managed to calm him down, the youth explained that there had been a gigantic apelike creature sitting on a boulder watching them.

The two men had encountered the animal at the mouth of the same canyon where I had heard roaring sounds-my own experience having occurred some 3,000 feet above the road.

Naturally, everyone except for my two supervisors laughed when I told my story. I went into detail about the odors I had experienced thirteen

years
before.
At the end of the winter of 1977-78, one of my supervisors and another employee were scattering grass seed upon a snow-covered mountain slope. The spreader was being towed behind the truck, with one worker manning the machinery. A slight breeze wafted upslope. Earl (my supervisor) and his companion noticed the horrible scent and recalled what I had described. Frightened, they scrambled into the cab of the pickup, rolled up the windows and locked the doors. Hurriedly, they bumped and rumbled down the mountain road away from the terrible stench.
The location was a mere three miles from the place where I had heard the roaring sounds.
During the summer seasons of the early and mid-1980s, I worked in Glacier National Park as a ranger naturalist. By then, my curiosity had been greatly aroused by the crazy stories of a gigantic creature living in the vastness of America's Northwest. Having read about a Bigfoot sighting at Logan Pass in Glacier Park, I asked the District Ranger about the incident. He became extremely irritated and said that such stories were a lot of nonsense.
Over the years, I became friends with several of the Blackfoot Indians who were employed
WINTER/93

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by
the
National Park
Service. They
believed that
the mysteri-
ous creature
existed,
whatever it
was.
They told
me that one
winter, citi-
zens of the
tiny commu-
nity of Babb, Montana (located on the eastern side of Glacier Park) had reported an animal of some sort running back and forth along the nearby ridge top, emitting bone-chilling screams as it moved. The local deputy sheriff was called, but by the time he arrived, the sounds had stopped. The next morning, he found huge but obscure prints in the snow and a large patch of wooly fur snagged on a barbed-wire fence. He gave the fur to the District Ranger.
I was told that the patch of

hair had been sent to a university laboratory at Bozeman, Montana. Somehow it had been "lost," even though a report was issued indicating that it had come from a Grizzly bear. The Blackfeet didn't believe the report.

When I heard that story, I realized that the mystery had greatly aroused my curiosity. Try as I would to avoid it, the topic kept coming up in conversations not initiated by me.

One winter my family and I attended a spaghetti dinner at my children's elementary school in Ohio, where we then resided. A gentleman who is now an official of a local community sat next to me. Since we shared a love for the Northern Rockies, we began talking about the area.

WINTER/93

The next morning, he found huge but obscure prints in the snow and a large patch of wooly fur snagged on a barbed wire fence. He gave the fur to the District Ranger.

Without my making mention of the mystery creature, the man began telling me about his experience.

Year S

before, he had

been employed by the U.S. Forest Service.

He was a trained civil engineer and had been part of a small crew surveying an area far back in the Jim Bridger Wilderness Area of Wyoming.

One night, as the crew members sat around their campfire. strange, high-pitched cries alerted them that a large, unknown creature was also present on the mountain.

Although it was illegal, one of the men carried a disassembled .22 caliber rifle. He took the weapon from his pack and put it together. The others protested his disregard for the law, but, ignoring them, he announced that in the morning he was going to hunt for the animal that was making the screaming noises.

At dawn he was gone. Not knowing what else to do or which way the man had gone, the remaining crew members spent the day completing their surveying project.

That evening they returned to camp only to find that their companion had still not returned. When he was still missing the next morning, they began a search.

They found the rifle first. It was lying alongside a trail, its barrel bent into a U shape. Next to the trail the land plunged into a deep canyon. At the base of a cliff,

[PAGE BREAK]

when they heard "something large crashing through the forest." As they listened, the unseen animal threw a pinecone in their direction. They also detected an overwhelmingly powerful odor.

Of the Crater Lake sightings, Roger Wade's was probably the most conclusive. Again, it occurred on the West Entrance Road. Wade reported "seeing a Sasquatch, upright-type animal" a mere fifty yards ahead of his car. Its fur was light brown or cinnamon and, contrary to most Bigfoot reports, he estimated that the animal was only about six feet tall. Another peculiarity of this sighting was that it occurred at 9:00 a.m., and not in the evening or at night. Later in the day, Roger Wade returned to the site and discovered some large but rather indistinct footprints, with the middle toe appearing to be longer than the others. According to witnesses, this is an often-reported characteristic of Sasquatch.

Inexplicable odors and sounds, huge footprints, a patch of unidentified fur and numerous sightings all enabled me, on that beautifully calm night in August, 1987, to recognize and accept what I observed crossing the road.

Even though I felt certain that I had seen the creature, the bizarre nature of the circumstances would have inspired some doubt in me had there not been some verification.

The exaggerated swing of the elbow seemed peculiar. Quickness of step and unbelievable gracefulness of stride pointed to

only one explanation. Whatever it was, the furry monster was a "new" species not yet accepted by the modern world.

What if there had been nothing?

The next day I reported for duty up at the rim overlooking

Crater Lake. When I got out of my government vehicle a young lady ranger saw me. She smiled and hurried over.

"I have something to tell you," she exclaimed.

I Responding, laughed. "You go first. Something happened to me too!"

"Last night after my campfire talk," she began, "the night was so beautiful that I couldn't stay inside our cabin. Placing a chair outside, I sat there with my big dog looking out over the moonlit valley. Shortly after I sat down, a huge animal began smashing branches and logs down along the creek bed. The sounds were the result of some tremendously powerful movements from some sort of animal.

"I'm not afraid of wild animals, but I was last night. And you know," she added, "my dog didn't pay the least bit of attention to those crashing sounds. Normally he would have been barking and trying to get loose.

My scalp tingled with excitement. The sounds of destruction had come from off the road

at exactly the location where my phantom had appeared. The time of her encounter was a mere half-hour after my sighting. The lady ranger's story dramatically supported my own experience.
Reason dictates that something other than the "known" co-exists with us. It is truly Sasquatch? Bigfoot? Are there really other dimensions in our natural world? Is this creature some kind of spiritual being, or a psychic illusion of the mind? Whatever he is, I, like a growing number of other people, know with certainty that he does exist. I have seen him! O
DOROTHY GREENE PEPPER,
[AD] 818.763.1897
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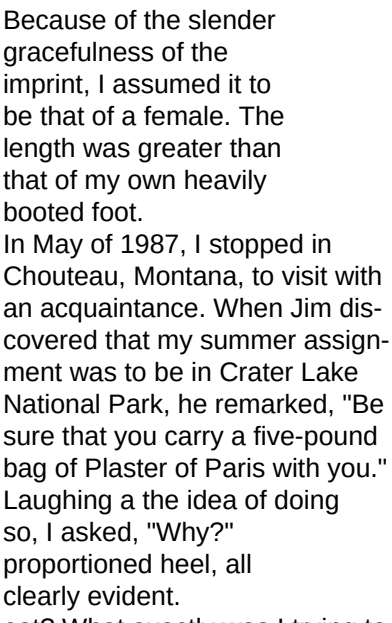
[PAGE BREAK]

they saw the lifeless form of their companion.
"What did the Forest Service do?" I asked the man.
"Do? Why, they did nothing.
"Nothing?" I echoed.
"That's right. Nothing. The area was closed off to all travel for the remainder of the season. Of course, they brought the body out.
In July of 1985, my wife, youngest daughter and I were hiking along a heavily forested trail in Glacier National Park. The season had been very hot and dry, but that morning some precipitation had fallen and moisture had settled the thick trail dust. I was in the lead, for Grizzlies frequented the trail. Here the phantom again entered my life. There, before me in the moist earth, was a perfect footprint. It appeared to be of human origin-five toes, delicate arch, well-

Because of the slender gracefulness of the imprint, I assumed it to be that of a female. The length was greater than that of my own heavily booted foot.

In May of 1987, I stopped in Chouteau, Montana, to visit with an acquaintance. When Jim discovered that my summer assignment was to be in Crater Lake National Park, he remarked, "Be sure that you carry a five-pound bag of Plaster of Paris with you." Laughing a the idea of doing so, I asked, "Why?"



proportioned heel, all clearly evident.

eat? What exactly was I trying to identify?

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More amazing still was the fact that there was but one print, crosswise in the trail. No one else had been on the trail since it had rained the previous night. Whatever had made the impression had a most unusually long stride. One step came down and out of the forest onto the middle of the trail, and the next footfall must have been on the

downhill slope, well
beyond the trail itself.
I paused and marveled
at the spoor. My daugh-
ter, for some reason,
would not look at it. My
wife looked and after a
pause, turned away.
Nowadays, she com-
ments that it must have
been something else. "Perhaps a
deer made it," she says.
Most importantly, the footprint
marked a turning point in my
attitude toward the so-called
"Bigfoot." If I was to continue to
maintain a scientific attitude-
open-mindedness-as a rule of
life, then I had
some very hard
evidence to deal
with.
Still, reason dic-
tated that any such
creature would
have been killed or
captured by man.
There were only
rumors to indicate
that this had ever
happened. Contin-
ually I asked
myself how such a
creature
remain
could
virtually
unseen. What did it
"Because, he solemnly
responded, "that is Bigfoot coun-
try and you might be lucky
enough to see a footprint. So be
sure to make a cast of the
imprint."
Although I didn't take his
advice seriously, I did decide to
check up on any Crater Lake
sightings.
In doing so, I discovered that
there were four apparent sight-
ings. all by experienced
National Park employees. One

report I never found. The other three were recorded in a history book of the park entitled The Smith Brothers' Chronological History, Crater Lake National Park, Oregon.

The first recorded sighting occurred on June 8th, 1976. Chief Naturalist George Morrison observed a Bigfoot walking upright across the road in the southern part of the park. He claimed the creature covered the distance across the road in four giant steps. Since it was twilight, the color and shape were difficult to describe. A subsequent investigation revealed no footprints. In the report, two rangers, Vic Affolter and Marion Jack, had a strange experience

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